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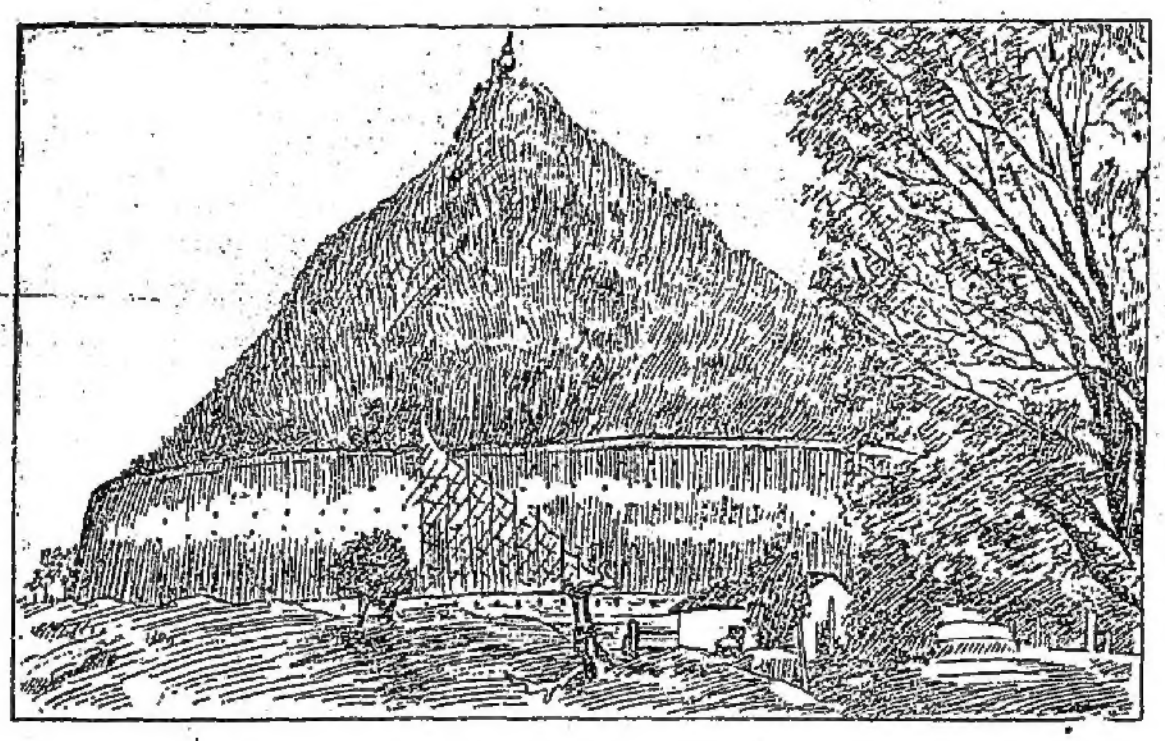
Anuradhapura, the Buried City of Ceylon.

(By Rev. Samuel W. Holland, DD., of Batticotta, Ceylon.)

The American Mission in Ceylon is working among the Tamils in Jaffna, who are of the same race as are fourteen millions of the people in Southern India. But the southern and central portions of the island are populated by Sinhalese, who have a different language and religion. In some of the jungles in the interior there are some tribes of wild people called Veddahs, who live by hunting and wear little or no clothing. They are supposed by many to be the aborigines. The Sinhalese came from somewhere near the Ganges in 543 B.C. Their name means the lion race, from sinha, lion. They are supposed to have intermarried more or less with the aborigines, whom, however, they call demons. Their capital was made in the city of Anuradhapura, in the north central part of the island.



THE DAGOBA OF RUANWELI, CEYLON.

In the second century B.C., Buddhism was either introduced or revived by a noted missionary from Northern India. The queen and her companions wished to be initiated into the mysteries of this religion, and for this purpose the sister of the missionary was sent for. When she came she brought a branch of the sacred Bo tree, under which Gautama sat on the day that he attained to Buddhahood. This was in the year 245 B.C. The story of this tree has been handed down by a continuous series of authentic chronicles. It has been carefully tended, and there is no doubt that this is the oldest historical tree in the world. Three terraces have been built around it, so that only the branches are now above ground. Other trees of the same kind are growing near, but its leaves are easily distinguishable, being more oval. It is the ficus religiosa, a kind of banyan, but without root from the branches, and is held sacred by the Hindus also. Thousands of Buddhists come here to worship it in the months of June and July.

Not far from this tree are the dagobas. The oldest of these was built in 307 B.C., to enshrine the right collar-bone of Buddha. It is sixty-three feet in height, and bell-shaped. There are many of these dagobas in this city. One of the largest is called Runaweli, or Golden Dust. It was begun in 161 B.C., and was originally 270 feet high, and contained many costly offerings and relics. It was built to commemorate a victory over the Tamil invaders. For many centuries the city lay desolate, and these dagobas, originally white and glittering, became covered with shrubs and trees. Somewhat recently the Buddhists have attempted to repair and restore them. This one is now 189 feet high. The wall is not very strongly built, and a few weeks ago a portion of it was washed down by heavy rains. The bricks of which the dagoba is composed are largely decomposed by exposure. Around the base was a circle of brick elephants. There are four large statues of the king and others, once covered with gilt, and there was said to be an underground passage to the room in the centre. The holes in the wall are left by the masons for scaffolding.

The Abhayagiriya Dagoba, or mountain of safety, is the largest of them all, having been 405 feet in height, and 357 feet in diameter. This was five sixths of the height of the great pyramid of Egypt. The Chinese traveller, Fa Hien, who visited this city about 412 A.D., and gave a full account of all, says that this dagoba was 400 cubits high, and adorned with gold and silver and precious stones, and that there were 5,000 monks in its monastery. Certainly there are very extensive remains of monasteries and chapels around it. The present height is 231 feet. As it was fast falling into decay, the government undertook its repair, restoring the ancient form as much as possible. It is said to have been begun in 89 B.C., by the then reigning king, in gratitude for the recovery of his throne after a war with the Tamils. Some think that in those times Anuradhapura was the largest city in the world.

Its ruins cover many miles, and its magnificence must have been very great. Its prosperity depended entirely upon a system of irrigation works, the most extensive ever known. The invaders destroyed these ultimately, and the country was ruined and speedily became jungle. Some of these artificial lakes have been restored, but it will take generations before the malarial fevers are conquered. The country is being gradually brought under cultivation, and the railway now being decided upon will hasten the process. There are other remarkable buried cities in Ceylon, but this is the most noticeable.—'Missionary Herald.'

The Invisible Things.

(By Rev. Hugh Price Hughes.)

There are those whose eyes are not yet open to the invisible things of the Spirit, which are the only real things. The measure of faith is not yet given them, and they do not recognize the web — the only web which will last when the loom of the world is broken—the web of which the warp is the will of God, and the woof the prayers of men. For these, to speak of the whole as answered prayer is as good as to say that no prayer is answered at all. If they are to recognize an answer, it must be some tiny pattern, a sprig of flower, or an ammonite figure on the fabric.

Last summer I was in Norway, and one of the party was a lady who was too delicate to attempt great mountain excursions, but found an infinite compensation in rowing along those fringed shores of the fjord, and exploring those interminable brakes, which escape the notice of the travellers on board the steamer. One day we had followed a narrow fjord, which winds into the folds of the mountains, to its head. There we had landed, and pushed our way through the brush of birch and alder, lost in the mimic glades, emerging to climb miniature mountains, and fording innumerable small rivers, which rushed down from the perpetual snows. Moving slowly over the ground—veritable explorers of a virgin forest—plucking the ruby bunches of wild raspberry, or the bilberries and whortleberries, delicate in bloom, we made a devious track, which it was hard or impossible to retrace. Suddenly my companion found that her golosh was gone. That might seem a slight loss, and easily replaced; not at all. It was as vital to her as the snowshoes to Nansen on the polar drift; for it could not be replaced until we were back in Bergen at the end of our tour. And to be without it meant an end to all the delightful rambles in the spongy mosses and across the Lilliputian streams, which, for one, at least, meant half the charm and the benefit of the holiday. With the utmost diligence, therefore, we searched the brake, retraced our steps, recalled each precipitous descent of heather-covered rock, and every sapling of silver birch by which we had steadied our steps. We plunged deep into all the apparently bottomless crannies, and beat the brushwood along our course. But neither the owner's eyes, which were as keen as needles, nor mine, which are not, could discover any sign of the missing shoe. With woeful countenances we had to give it up, and start on our three miles' row along the fjord to the hotel. But in the afternoon the idea came to me, 'And why not ask our gracious Father for guidance in this trifle, as well as for all the weightier things we are constantly committing to his care?' If the hairs of our head are all numbered, why not also the shoes of our feet?' I therefore asked him that we

might recover this lost golosh. And then I proposed that we should row back to the place. How magnificent the precipitous mountains and the far snow-fields looked that afternoon! How insignificant our shallop and our own imperceptible selves in that majestic amphitheatre, and how trifling the whole episode might seem to God! But the place was one where we had enjoyed many singular proofs of the divine love which shaped the mountains, but has also a particular care for the ommets which nestle at their feet. And I was ashamed of myself for ever doubting the particular care of an infinite love. When we reached the end of the fjord, and had lashed the boat to the shore, I sprang on the rocks and went, I know not why, to one spot, not far from the water, a spot which I should have said we had searched again and again in the morning, and there lay the shoe before my eyes, obvious, as if it had fallen from heaven.

I think I hear the cold laugh of prayerless men. 'And that is the kind of thing on which you rest your belief in prayer; a happy accident. Well, if you are superstitious enough to attach any importance to that, you would swallow anything!' And with a smile, not, I trust sorrowful or impatient, but full of quiet joy, I would reply, 'Yes, if you will, that is the kind of thing; a trifle rising to the surface from the depths of a Father's love and compassion—those depths of God which you will not sound contain marvels greater, it is true; they are, however, inoffible, for the things of the spirit ever, ineffable, for the things of the spirit These trifles are all that can be uttered to those who will not search and see; trifles, indeed, for no sign shall be given to this generation. If it will not prove the power of prayer by praying, neither shall it by marshalled instances of the answers of prayer.'—'The Christian Work.'

A Living Witness.

Two gentlemen were standing in the spring sunshine on the marble steps of the Authors' Club in a large city, when a modestly dressed woman hurrying down the thronged sidewalk, attracted the attention of one of them, who said:

'Look! What a face! Is the woman inspired?'

His companion smiled as he made answer.

'Your artist's eye could not fail to single her out,' and as she drew near, he lifted his hat and bowed courteously, receiving a smile of recognition in return.

'That woman's face is a living witness to the power of the gospel of Christ,' he said. 'Her life is full of trouble. I have known her ever since I have held my present pastorate. I was first attracted to her by the sadness of her face and the dejectedness of her whole demeanour. She sometimes came to church, but not often, and I occasionally, in my rounds, called upon her, without, however, being able to brighten her life. One evening she dropped into the prayer-meeting, as much to rest for a few minutes as anything else, she admitted to me later, and as she sat down, I was pained at the expression of utter hopelessness on her face. The topic for the evening was "Christ, our burden bearer," and as a hymn was being sung, I prayed that power might be given someone to reach that woman's burdened heart. It was one of those meetings where there was great liberty, and as one testimony folowed another in rapid succession, I noticed that this woman was aroused. A new interest crept into her face. The Spirit was striving with her spirit. I did not try to guide anything: I just sat and prayed silently. Then someone gave out Fanny Crosby's hymn, 'O child of God,' and at once I said: 'Let us rise and sing, and if there are any who would like to walk with God and to begin now, let them remain standing.'

'You know the hymn and how it seems to sing itself to Mr. Sankey's sweet melody:

'"O child of God walk patiently
When dark thy path may be,
And let thy faith lean trustingly
On him who cares for thee.
And though the clouds hang drearily
Upon the brow of night,
Yet in the morning joy will come,
And fill thy soul with light."

'At the second verse the shadow on her face passed away.

'"O child of God, he loveth thee,
And thou art all his own;
With gentle hand he leadeth thee,
Thou dost not walk alone."

'As the congregation sank into their seats died away there was the promise of a smile of hope upon her face.

As the congregation sank into their seats she remained standing, saying simply: "I need his love,' and then she broke down, and so did I, and so did everybody else. A season of prayer restored quiet, and when she stood up again it was with the light on her face as you have seen it, and she went out with an elasticity in her step that proved the words: "He leadeth thee, thou dost not walk alone."'

'And her troubles and burdens?'

'They remain, but she has cast them on the Lord. She does her best in every way and leaves results with him. They no longer drag her down. "Joy has come and filled her soul with light."'

'Have people in general noticed this change in her?'

'Yes, everybody who knew her. The remark is made continually, "How lovely she is!" "How changed she is!" "There is reality in her religion, she shows it in her face."'

'She is, indeed, a living witness. I am glad I saw her, it has strengthened my faith.'

'All Christians should carry bright faces,' said the pastor. 'The Lord intended it to be so. That is one way by which we are made separate. But Christians will not accept the perfect peace which illuminates the plainest face with heavenly joy that is more attractive than any merely physical beauty of color or feature, and that remains even when youth has passed.'—Annie A. Preston, in N.Y. 'Observer.'

Do Your Best.

Whatever you do, my little man,
Do it the very best you can,
Time speeds along, and day by day,
Life is hastening away,
Then what you do, my little man,
Do it the very best you can,

God made the world in which we dwell,
And all things of his goodness tell;
The flowers bloom, the grasses spring,
The bright sun shines, the sweet birds sing,
And if you think, I'm sure you'll say,
They do their very best each day.

Then do your best, my little man,
You'll find it is the nobler plan;
The world is needing such as you.
If when you work, you work with care,
And when you play you're fair and square,
There'll be a place for you, my man,
If you but do the best you can.

Jennie J. Lyall, in 'Lutheran Observer.'

On Learning Languages.

That remarkable traveller the late Sir Richard Burton, whose mastery of Oriental languages, and especially of Arabic, is well known, says: 'Learning foreign languages as a child learns its own, is mostly a work of pure memory. My system of learning a language in two months was purely my own invention, and thoroughly suited myself. I got a simple grammar and vocabulary, marked out the forms and words which I knew were absolutely necessary, and learned them by heart, carrying them in my pocket, and looking over them at spare moments during the day. I never worked more than a quarter of an hour at a time, for after that the brain lost its freshness.

'After learning some three hundred words, easily done in a week, I stumbled through some easy book-work (one of the gospels is the most come-atable), and underlined every word that I wished to recollect, in order to read over my pencillings at least once a day. Having finished my volume I then carefully worked up the grammar minutiae, and I then chose some other book whose subject most interested me. The neck of the language was now broken, and progress was rapid. If I came across a new sound like the Arabic "ghayn," I trained my tongue to it by repeating it so many thousand times a day. When I read, I invariably read out loud, so that the ear might aid memory.

'I was delighted with the most difficult characters, Chinese and cuneiform, because I felt that they impressed themselves more strongly upon the eye than the eternal Roman letters. This, by-and-by, made me resolutely stand aloof from the hundred schemes for translating Eastern languages, such as Arabic, Sanscrit, Hebrew, and Syriac, into Latin letters; and whenever I conversed with anybody in a language that I was learning I took the trouble to repeat their words inaudibly after them, and so to learn the trick of pronunciation and emphasis.'

And, again, Lady Burton said that her husband taught her languages in this way, 'He made me learn ten new words a day by heart. When a native speaks, then say the words after him to get his accent. Don't be English; that is shy or self-conscious; if you know five words, air them whenever you can. Next day you will know ten; and so on till you can speak. Do not be like the Irishman who would not go into the water till he could swim. Then take a very easy, childish book in the colloquial language of the day, and translate it word for word underneath the original, and you will be surprised to find how soon you will find yourself unconsciously talking.'—H. J. Marston, in the 'Christian.'

A Weeping Child.

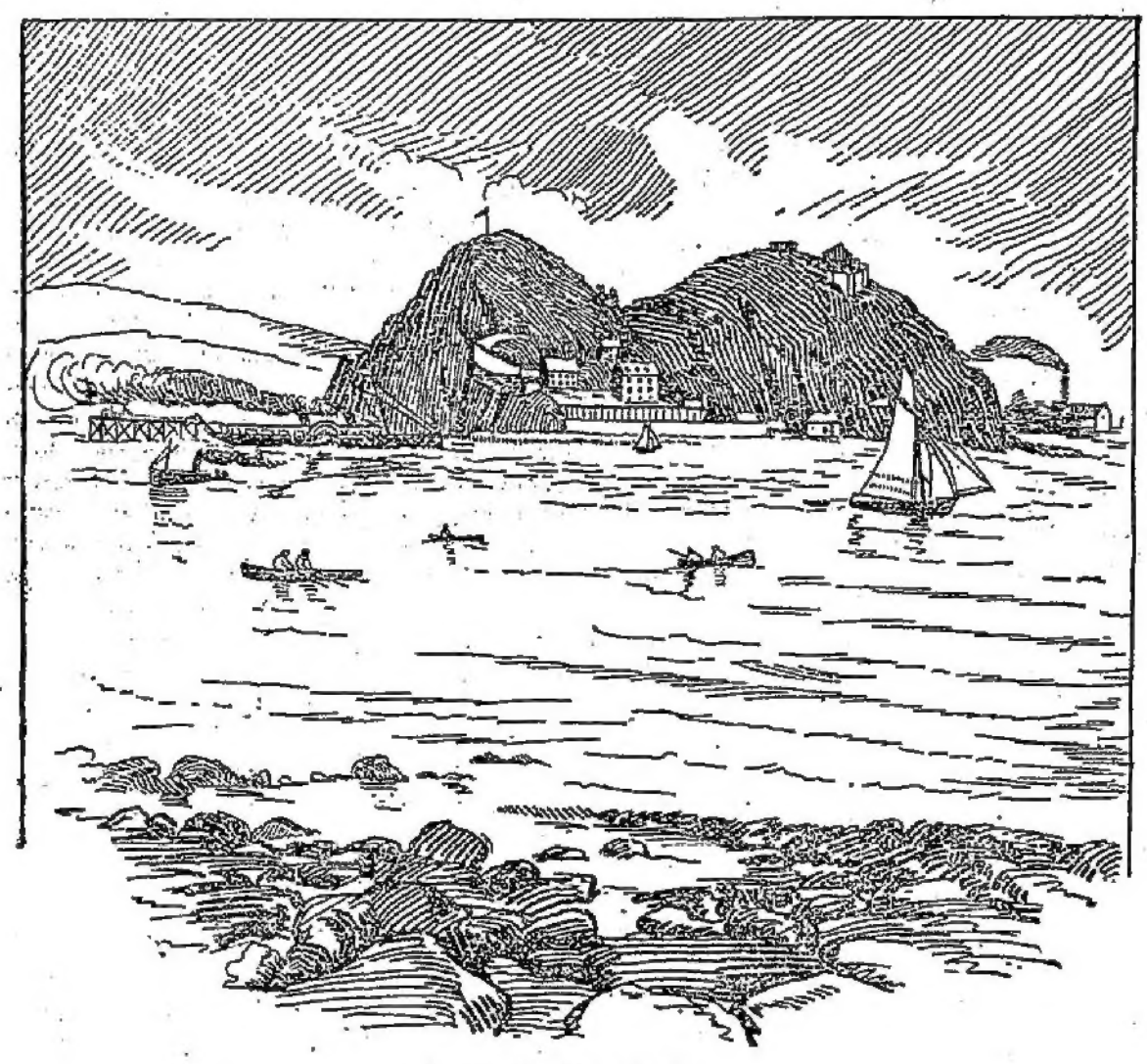
A pathetic incident occurred at the Central Police Office, Glasgow, the other day. The officer in charge was startled to hear a small voice piping from behind the counter, 'Please, polisman, will ye let my mammy oot?' and, looking over saw a small, and sobbing girl anxiously regarding him. He asked her name, and, upon reference to the books, found that her mother had been sentenced to ten days for drunkenness, or 7s 6d of a fine and she was 'doing' the ten days. When the situation was stated, the wee girl's tears flowed afresh, but she presently made the staggering announcement that she would pay the money, 'If ye'll let my mammy oot,' explaining that she ran with milk in the mornings for which she got a shilling and a scone on Saturdays. 'And,' she added, 'I'll bring ye the shillin' an' the scone till it's peyed, if ye'll let her oot.' The policeman, being a humane man, found ways and means of releasing her mammy to the loyal little girl, without depriving her of either shilling or scone.—'Evening News.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

Two Dunbarton Castles.

I am sure you will like to see this pretty picture of the gray rock that stands guarding our river Clyde, down beyond Bowling, and on the way to the broadening water that leads out to the world's end. Many a story of olden days clings about the steep height; and many a memory of brave Danes and as brave Scotsmen rises in our hearts as we go sailing down in our comfortable steamers, thinking of what easy lives we have to-day, compared with those of our fighting forefathers.

I was one day on board of the 'Madge Wildfire,' a year or two ago, taking charge of a party of 'fresh-air-fortnight' children, who were on their way to Rothesay, and were therefore in high glee, and as restless a company as ever was seen. The boys were all over the place, running races between the deck-seats, and getting into everybody's way. But the captain and the sailors, knowing that they were not often on



DUNBARTON CASTLE.

shipboard, only smiled, and did not scold even when they were nearly tripped up when casting the ropes ashore at Patrick pier. As for the girls, their delight was too great for many words; and, as they saw the sheep and cows lying on the green meadows near Renfrew, they just said, 'Oh, how bonnie!' and then looked away down the river to see what wonders were coming next. Most of them had little parcels with them, an extra pair of shoes or a warm shawl; and most of them had also 'pieces,' which they began to eat almost as soon as their journey commenced, for they evidently thought themselves great travellers, and far far at sea even at Clydebank.

When the steamer came down past Erskine ferry, one of the sailors said to a rosy-cheeked boy (not of the fresh-air-fortnight party), 'There is Dunbarton castle, you can go downstairs and tell the girls to come up and see it.' For some of the smaller girls had imagined they were seasick, and were nursing each other in the cabin below; and one had taken tooth-ache, and was lying half-asleep after a 'good cry,' and nestled in the arms of a motherly little woman only a year or two older than herself.

The rosy-cheeked boy ran downstairs two steps at a time, calling out: ::'Here, you girls, come up and see Dunbarton.'

And of course there was a scamper and a rush as the little feet came up and along to the bow of the boat to admire the double-peaked rock, and the remains of the old garrison. But the rosy-cheeked boy was not satisfied with his numbers. He had been learning Scottish history, and knew all about Wallace and Bruce; and he meant to air all his knowledge to these ignorant little slum-folk, though he was a fine, kindly 'chap,' and not any prouder than most folks we meet.

So down he went to the cabin again, and said to the girl who was holding the sleepy one so gently:

'Come away up and see the old castle; waken her and tell her you can't hold her any longer.'

'Whisht!' said the little mother, 'she's been awful ill wi' the toothache.'

'Never mind,' said the boy, 'your arms will be stiff by this time. You are a big fool to sit here all day.' (You see, this boy was not too polite, but he meant no harm.)

The girl gave a wistful look at the tear-stained face of the sleeper. She was tired and her arms were sore. But she did not move, Not an inch. And she only shook her head at the boy, who ran laughing away, thinking what strange beings some girls are.

And then he pointed out with pride the ruins, and the place where the invaders climbed and got an entrance; while the 'fresh-airs,' stood around with open mouths wondering where this boy got all his knowledge.

But down in the quiet cabin the little mother kept her Dunbarton Castle bravely against her own wishes and the ridicule of others. For 'he that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city,' says the old book; and we all need to 'hold the fort' of doing right against the invaders of selfishness (who are traitors within the gates), and the invaders of scorn, or bad advice, or false friendship (who climb up the walls of our Dunbartons, and would fain get in to slay our souls). So the little mother was a brave soldier.—'Adviser.'

'He That Believeth Shall Not Make Haste.'

(By Mrs. Jane Eggleston Zimmerman.)

The mail train from the West reaches Uniontown at five o'clock in the afternoon. It is a convenient hour for the villagers who are not driven with business to quit work and gather in the post-office, to await the distribution of the mail.

On a chilly, rainy afternoon in the late autumn the usual crowd waited about the closed window. The students from the college, which, as its managers advertised, was 'beautifully located at Uniontown, on the banks of the picturesque Shawnee,' stood about the room in groups, discussing the fairness or unfairness of the awards in last night's prize contest. Business men waited for the evening paper, walking about, impatient at the delay, caused by the distribution of the mail. Not that there was any real hurry. The market-price quotations would not affect the value of the gallon of molasses which Mr. Robinson's clerk was at that time drawing for old Mrs. Dutton, nor yet the box of matches which Widow Smith's little girl stood waiting to buy, when Mrs. Dutton's boy should be served. Butter and eggs would not come in before Saturday, and this was but Tuesday. Young girls, whose overskirts betrayed unmistakably the rural dressmaker, or home construction, chatter laughingly together, with heads sedulously turned away from the groups of college young men. What good times those girls were having, without so much as wishing for a moment that the young men should share them. Still, it was nice to have the young men stand by, and look longingly after them. The fun would have lost its zest lacking that feature.

In the furthest corner of the room, nearest the door, whose draughts made her shiver, stood an old woman, quietly waiting. She had no need to be in haste. She has waited thus every week day for five years. There is always the same answer for her at the clerk's window. There is never the letter for which she asks. In all the five years no letter has come for her. She turns away. She is used to the disappointment. She has only to go home once more, and, asking God to send her the tidings her heart longs for, wait patiently till the next mail comes.

'He'll repent! Aye, that he will!' she says to herself, as she passes out into the street and walks homeward with feeble steps, wrapping her thin shawl about her. 'He'll repent some day,' she repeats, 'God's promises are yea and amen. "Ye shall ask what ye will" — the blessed Lord himself said the words, I'm no forgettin' that — "an' it shall be done unto you." He'll do it. He'll no' let me die without seein' his salvation.'

She enters her humble door, and, replenishing her fire, busies herself about her evening meal. When that is over, and everything done for the night, she draws from some hidden corner an old stocking. From its depths she pours half-dollars, quarters, dimes, and even cents into her lap, and counts them over for the hundredth time. Slowly has this precious horde grown during the five years of her son's absence — this money which is to bring him home to her when, in his extremity, he shall, at last,

turn to her. How many, many days of painful toil, do these fifty dollars represent; and how willingly, in the glad day that is to come, will she pour them out, to bring the worthless vagabond home! Then she kneels beside her worn old chair, and asks of her Lord once more the desire of her heart: that this man, an outcast from all save his mother's love, may be found and brought back to her longing heart.

Her faith has nothing substantial on which to build, however. In one of the worst gambling hells of a distant city sits the young man for whom the precious ointment of a mother's love has been so freely poured forth. Luck is against him. Three hundred dollars have been transferred from his pocket to that of a fellow-gambler in one short hour. He stakes his last ten dollars. It is his last chance; but these, too, vanish, as the others have done. He rises from the table, cursing his luck; and, calling for a glass of liquor, drains it to the last drop. He has not drunk much while at play; but he makes up for it now. He means to go to bed and to sleep, forgetting himself and his wretched life for a time. He has gentlemanly ways, this gambler. His clothes are of the finest quality and cut. The stone gleaming in his scarf is an opal. He has a room not far away; a well-furnished, warmed, and lighted room. To this he goes, and, throwing himself on his bed, soon falls into a heavy slumber.

He sleeps on through all the morning hours; but wakes, at last, in the early afternoon.

'Curse the luck!' he mutters, sitting up and leaning his aching head on his hands.

'Never was so confoundedly cleaned out before in my life. Not a cent to get breakfast with.' The weather is not very cold, and he decides to pawn his overcoat. He can raise but five dollars on that, so he goes without his breakfast, in order to begin business with a round sum. All through the afternoon he sits winning, winning, till he rises, at last, with fifty dollars in his pocket. He invites a few of his chosen friends—jolly good fellows like himself — to sup with him at a restaurant, and they have what they call 'a good time.'

The supper and revel leave him nothing of his fifty dollars, and he goes to bed once more cursing his luck.

When morning comes, it is bitter cold; one of those sudden foretastes of winter which November is almost sure to have sandwiched between her days of heavenly balminess.

The young man's overcoat, the only available article of clothing for the purpose, is in pawn.

'What a dog's life it is, anyhow!' he mutters, sitting on the edge of the bed, with his face in his hands. 'There's some fun in winning, sure; but, there's the everlasting losing. What does it all amount to, anyhow? How is a gambler ever to settle down? There's nothing for it but to go on in the same old way. I wonder what my mother would say. Poor old lady! Ah, well. I guess she has broken her heart long ago. It's no use. I can't reform. Don't believe there's any reform in me.'

He goes out, and from mere force of habit, goes to one of his usual haunts, a gambling den. He cannot gamble for lack of money, So he seats himself in a corner, with a morning paper. A casual item, a commonplace announcement of an oft-recurring tragedy, meets his eye.

'An old lady, Mrs. Jean Campbell, was beaten almost to death last night. It is supposed that money was the object of the inhuman wretch, or wretches, who committed the deed, since drawers were ransacked and everything about the cottage upset. Suspicion falls on the old lady's son, a reprobate fellow, who has not been heard from in five years. When found Mrs. Campbell was barely alive.'

His mother (kind, gentle old woman, who never had harmed a living being) beaten almost to death in her bed. She had but one natural protector in all the world, and he was such a reprobate that suspicion naturally fell on him. And he had not been near her nor written her a kindly word in five years. Not a single dollar had he even sent to maintain her in her old age and feebleness. He felt himself to be a wretch as never before.

'I haven't a dollar to take me home, or I'd go, sure,' was his next thought. 'If I did go, most likely they'd arrest me immediately. They don't think any too well of me in Uniontown; but to think I could beat my mother! Ugh!'

He was weary, fasting, disgusted. Catching sight of an announcement of a gospel temperance meeting in the heart of the city, he decided to go to it.

'I haven't been near a good, decent woman to speak to in five years,' is his thought.

As he enters the hall where the gospel meeting is held, this is what he hears: — 'When a young man leaves home and devotes the first five or ten years of his manhood to having a good time, as he imagines it, drinking and gambling and all the dark things pertaining to these two, where have those ten years of early manhood gone? My friends, they have gone (have they not?) literally to the devil. What has the young man to show, at the end of these five, or eight, or ten years, for all this time and strength and opportunity which are gone? Not money—he has none in bank, or houses, or lands, and rarely any in pocket, not friends, —he has long ago left the friends of his youth behind, and he has found none, tried and true, to take their places; not character,—he has none to boast of. Is it worth your while, O my young friends,' continues the speaker, 'to throw away life and opportunity thus? Are there pleasure and satisfaction enough in sin to repay you for all you cast away in this pursuit?'

'No, there isn't,' says Jamie Campbell to himself, as this new outlook at life was opened to his vision.

He does not notice when the meeting closes, so absorbed is he in his own thoughts. A kind voice near him asks:

'Are you wanting to turn over a new leaf?'

'Yes, ma'am! I am that! I'm sick enough of the life I've been leading. You were right enough in saying a man has nothing to show for the years he throws away. I've thrown away five of them, and I haven't a thing to show for it, and I've broken my poor old mother's heart.'

Kindly does his friend point out to him the better way; set thickly with thorns at the outset, but growing more and more safe and pleasant toward the end. And the young man, with dimmed moral vision, endeavors to grasp the better life. His new friend helps him in his struggle as best she can. His room had to be given up; but she gives him meal and lodging tickets, and he haunts the reading-room and the temperance meeting and the mission at night. He hears much that he had never thought before.

'You ought to write to your mother, if you have one,' says his new friend, one day. 'Nothing would make her so happy as a letter from you, telling her of your new life.'

A spasm of pain crosses the young man's face. Then he draws from his pocket the little item telling of his mother's hurt and tells her all his story.

'I haven't anything to go on, and I haven't anything to send her, either. I'd better not write to her at all. Besides, they think I did the deed and they would arrest me as soon as I landed.'

'If your mother is living she can soon prove that you did not do it; and you can certainly prove that you were in this city on the night the deed was committed.'

'That's so,' he said, reflectingly; 'but she probably needs money, and I haven't a cent to send her.'

'She needs the good news of your reformation more,' said his friend. 'Don't let her die without that consolation.'

'Well, I'll write to her,' says Jamie, reluctantly; and he writes the letter she has prayed for so long.

In the days following his reformation he has dilligently sought employment; but he is delicate-handed. Rough jobs are given to the scores of stalwart men waiting for them; while lighter employments involve responsibility and require references, and these he has not.

Mrs. Campbell has in some measure recovered from the beating she received, and her first wish is to go to the post-office once more. She will not send any one else although a dozen kind hands are ready and willing to do her bidding.

She stands waiting once more within the post-office. Kind hands take her old wrinkled one in their own, and many inquire if she has quite recovered. Mr. White, the minister, stops to ask after her welfare, and to inquire if she will be able to be in her accustomed seat in church next Sunday. She has never failed to be present in many years until her late hurt, and she readily promises to be there.

'Worst piece of business I ever heard of,' says a rough, but kind-hearted young man to an acquaintance, as they catch sight of the bent figure and worn old shawl.

'It was rascally enough to leave her all these years unprovided for; then to come home only to brain her with a club and then rob her of every cent she had. I declare, he ought to be hung!'

'No! no!' cries the old woman, eagerly. She has overheard the conversation, and, as she comprehends its meaning, she comes eagerly up to where the men are talking.

''Twas never my Jamie did the wicked deed. Did anybody think 'twas he? I saw the man as plain as I see you now, an' it was no more my Jamie than it was yersel's.'

The young men stare at her in surprise. It had been an accepted fact that it must have been her reprobate son who had thus misused her, knowing that she had money laid away. It had even been said that he had been seen getting off the cars in the twilight of that evening; but had slunk away into the darkness, and no one had seen him again.

Poor Jamie Campbell had little enough of good that could be said of him. He had little good name to lose; but it is hard that he should be robbed unjustly of the little he had.

Meanwhile, the postmaster and his clerk distribute the mail behind the closed window. The mail was large, and, owing to a for nearly half an hour beyond the usual recent severe snowstorm, was late. The clerk worked fast, for the crowd grew more and more impatient as the minutes flew by to the time of opening the mail. As the clerk passed toward the front boxes, with a large handful of letters, one letter fell from his hand, and the next moment a crumpled newspaper covered it with its ample folds. There was no letter as usual for Jean Campbell, and she turned sadly away. The disappointment seemed harder to bear than usual. She had been away from the office for two weeks, and she is not strong now.

'Oh! my poor boy, my bairn,' relapsing into her long-forgotten Scotch speech. 'Will ye never come back tae yer auld mither? I hae waited lang for ye. "How long, O Lord, how long?"'

For the first time in all these years her faith fails her.. She cannot pray with confidence, as she has done so long. Jamie must be dead; and her sad heart pictures to herself her boy, whom she loves so well, lying cold and motionless in death, and she left to live her last feeble days alone, without the strong arm she had so long looked forward to, to protect and help her in her last days. And then the thought will come: Did he die as he had lived, defying God's laws, unreconciled to him? She covers her eyes with her hand,as if to shut out the dreadful vision. If Jamie be indeed dead, then have her sorrows all been in vain. It were better never to have been born.

She does not count the money in the old stocking any more. The would-be thief did not find it, after all, under the stone in the old hearth. Well-a-day! it will do to give her decent burial and pay the doctor.

In the meantime, her letter, for which she has waited so long, lies unnoticed on the floor of the post-office, covered with the folds of the newspaper, and Jamie waits anxiously for the message of love he is sure the dear old mother will send. The days go by; the letter lies in the great waste-basket now, ready for kindling the fire when its turn shall come. Jamie thinks alternately that his mother is dead or that she believes him to have been the midnight assailant who robbed her of her few remaining dollars. He has a situation now. Not a very lucrative one; but it finds him honest shelter and lodging and he is trying to do better. By and by he will save enough to take him home; and he will seek his mother's grave to pour out repentant tears upon it, or he will seek her forgiveness, if she be alive, and strive to make atonement for the neglect and ill-treatment of the past. Oh! if he could but believe that his mother was still alive.

'Come, be quick there! What on earth did you mean by letting that fire go out last night?' Cold as Greenland, too.' And the postmaster, a nervous, irritable man, scolds the office-boy till he hardly knows what he is doing.'

'What's that you're putting into the stove there?' cries the postmaster, as the boy dumps the contents of the waste-basket into the blaze he has kindled. Isn't that an unopened letter?' And the postmaster's irritable energy serves a good turn now, as he snatches the already scorched letter from the fire.

'Mrs. Jean Campbell,
Uniontown.'

'Saints deliver us!' cries the postmaster, as he reads the superscription, 'If that ain't the letter old Mrs. Campbell has been looking for these five years you may take my head for a foot-ball. Don't say a word, Charley; but just put it in amongst the Cs. She'll never know but what it has just come in. Won't she open her eyes though? I guess it will surprise her more to get that letter than anything ever did, for all she has been looking for it so long.'

When Jean Campbell came up to the office window, in the gathering twilight, her long-lost letter was put into her hand before she had time to ask for it. Her surprise was so great that she could not but believe that the postmaster had made a mistake.

'Are you sure this is for me?' she asked, trembling in every limb.

'Yes, Madam. Your name is Mrs. Jean Campbell, is it not?'

'Yes, yes, to be sure; and I was lookin' for a letter, too; but it kind o' surprised me like.'

She says these last words to herself, as she is already walking homeward as fast as her strength will allow. It seems ages to her before she can get her lamp lighted, her spectacles wiped, and the end of the envelope cut, for she has had few letters, and these are religiously preserved, not a particle of needless mutilation being allowed.

At last she is permitted to read her repentant son's confession. She falls on her knees in joyful praise to God, and at ten o'clock begins to indite an answer. She has lived with sorrow for many years; but she is not used to joy, and it is hard to command herself sufficiently to write coherently. But one thing she has settled. The money in the old stocking shall be exchanged for a cheque, in the early morning, and it shall be sent to bring home her boy, her precious one.

Deacon Witherspoon, who does a small banking business in connection with his store, gives her the desired cheque, with many good wishes for her son's return, but with many private head-shakings.

'She's riskin' a sight, sendin' all that money to that scalawag. How does she know it ain't all a made-up plan o' that sly rogue's, to git what little money the widder possesses? I wouldn't trust him no how, Let him work his way and airn money to come home his own self, an' not be takin' his poor old mother's savin's.'

But when did mother-love ever fail to believe to the utmost all that could be believed? The cheque has gone, and the mother sits down in speechless content to await her son's homecoming.

The old deacon was right, after all, The money was a dangerous temptation. It has been weeks since Jamie Campbell held fifty dollars in his hand. Earning money by honest ways is a slow and painful process, oftentimes. His old companions hear of his 'luck,' and they persuade him to try to double it. Why can he not treble it in one night's play? He has often done it; and then he can repay his mother and have some capital to start with besides. He means to take faithful care of his dear old mother now. He persuades himself that it is all for her sake that he does it.

And so he falls again. The fifty dollars—his mother's slow savings in five long, lonely years—are gambled away in a night. He loses his situation and the confidence of his employers, for he ends his gambling in a drunken spree.

It is not easy to get upon his feet again, and so he returns to his low, wretched life; while his mother sits solitary and waiting, as before, in her lonely little home. She watches the trains now, haunting the depot, as well as the post-office. The days lengthen into weeks and the weeks into months. Mrs. Campbell still asks at the post-office for an expected letter. She still haunts the depot on the arrival of trains, and she still saves her little surplus in her old stocking. She has no well-defined end in view now. She looks forward to nothing; but the habit of years is strong upon her and her little hoard grows, at the rate of twenty-five cents a month. Perhaps she only looks forward to a decent burial now and hired care during her last days of utter helplessness; but she still prays long and earnestly for the arrival of the son who never comes. She still prays for his salvation who has gone down into the depths once more.

Jamie Campbell understood this undying love and forgiveness on the part of his mother, and it helped him, at last, to his feet once more. Sick, almost dying, he lay in the hospital of the city where he had striven to rise above the evil which had clogged him and dragged him down,in spite of his own good aspirations, his friends, and his mother's love and prayers. Here a kind friend found him.

'Eh! boy, ye got to the end o' yer rope, did ye?' says the old man who seeks him out. 'The Lord got a-hold o' ye; but ye slipped through his fingers, after all.'

'But I want to get back,' moans the sick man, wearily. 'Pray for me.'

His old friend prays, his quaint speech giving the words a new meaning: 'Oh, Lord, here's this poor soul. He's come to ye again, asking yer pardon for his sins. Hear his prayer. Oh, Lord, ye've died for him. Don't let yer precious blood ye shed on Calvary be wasted. One drop of it can make this soul white an' clean. Take hold o' him, O Lord, an' hold on tight. He's slippery like, an' he's weak; but he wants to hold on. Turn out the Devil an' come in, O Lord.'

The young man listens eagerly. It is just what he would say, and his faith lays hold once more. The Lord does come in, and he 'holds tight.' Jamie Campbell arises from his bed a changed man. The unclean spirit has been cast out, and the Lord has come in instead.

Poor Jean Campbell's years of faith and prayer are, at last, rewarded. She hears good tidings once more from her boy. He is too weak to go into particulars yet, so that she does not know of his fall. His long illness explains all the waiting.

'The days o' merrykles is certainly come back,' said Deacon Witherspoon to Mr. White, who came into the shop on the morning of Jamie's arrival home. Widder Campbell has really got that renegade o' hers back, clothed an' in his right mind. Now, I'sh'd a' given him up long ago, just as much as ef he'd a-been' money in a broke savin's-bank, or some sich hopeless article, but the widder, bless you! she jest held on to that boy with a grip o' faith that's jest amazin', an' she's got her reward.'

'He that believeth shall not make haste,' answers Mr. White, solemnly, as he turns his steps towards the widow's cottage, that he may rejoice with her over this her 'son who was lost and is found.'—N.Y. 'Independent.'

Sing a Song of Daisies.

Sing a song of daisies,
Daisies in a row,
Popping little gold heads,
Up and down they go.

Daisies ever merry,
Daisies ever bright,
In the breezes tossing,
Dancing with delight,

See their little bright heads,
Fringed in silken hoods,
Showering dainty petals,
Show their golden snoods.

Once, they say, the daisy,
Was a sunlight ray,
Till it pierced a cloudlet,
And tumbled, earthward way!

So their little gold heads
Are of sunbeams riven,
And their hoods are cloudlets—
Promises of heaven.

Thus, they're ever smiling,
Cheering as they go—
Scatter all our heart aches,
Chase away our woe.

So sing a song of daisies
Daisies in a row,
Popping little gold heads,
Up and down they go.

—American Paper.

Mother's Evenings.

(By Sydney Dayre.)

'Emily!'

Two young girls put their heads in at the front door.

'Yes, I'm here,' called an answering voice from the sitting-room.

'At home for the evening?'

'Yes, come in.'

'That's where you make your mistake, though, my dear,' said Janet, as the two friends entered. 'We're going to claim you for the evening. It is rare good luck to find you at home.'

'What am I to do?'

'Just come with us over to Mrs. Carter's and try their new piano. They've bought one for little Belle, you know, and she's going to commence taking lessons at once.'

'Well, you can surely try it without me.'

'No, Mrs. Carter specially asks us to bring you. She thinks no one can play like you.'

'What can I do for you before I go, mother?' asked Emily of a frail-looking woman who sat near a window.

'Oh, nothing more than usual, my dearie.'

'I'll tell Jane to stay within call. Here's your knitting. I'll light your lamp before I go.'

'No, I like it better without. The light sometimes hurts my eyes.'

'I'll lower the window for you. Not? — then here is your shawl in case you should be chilly. Good-bye—I won't be late.'

'What a dear thoughtful girl you are of your mother, Emily,' said Gertrude. 'You think of her comfort in every little thing. I should never be so faithful to my mother, I'm sure, if she were weakly. I don't mean I shouldn't have the heart for it, but that my scattery brain wouldn't hold so much consideration.'

'Mother is so unselfish,' said Emily. 'She surely deserves all I can do for her and much more. She always insists on my going out.'

'How delightful! How delightful!' Mrs. Carter beamed with admiration as the three young girls did their best for her in the way of music. 'Really, I have not realized how hungry I have been for music all these years. And it seems to me, my dears, that girls with such gifts as yours, ought to make the most of them.'

The girls modestly disclaimed.

'Yes, in the way of giving pleasure to others. You might make it a real blessing in such a small town as this. Now—how would it be if you should come here every week for a kind of musical evening?'

'Very pleasant, I'm sure,' said Janet.

'Inviting in some of our friends. Such a treat to them. And I'm sure it would be of great benefit to you, in spurring you on to keep up your practise.'

Mrs. Carter's enthusiasm was contagious, and the girls lengthened out the evening talking over the new plan.

Emily carried it to her mother the next morning, receiving the sympathy which never failed her in any new pursuit or pleasure.

And Emily went to look for some new music, not noticing the little sigh with which mother dismissed the subject.

On the day following the next musical gathering at Mrs. Carter's a visitor was announced.

'Good afternoon, Mrs. March. Ah, there you are, Emily. What a fine treat you gave us last evening. And Mrs. Carter says you are going to give us some music every week.'

'That's what she says,' says Emily, 'but I think that's too often.'

'Not a bit, Not a bit,' with energetic gravity. 'It's your bounden duty, my child, to make the most of your beautiful gift. And it was along that same line that I came to talk to you. We're getting up a little entertainment for the children to give at Christmas, And we want you, Emily — you're so willing to be helpful in everything and so well able—to train them a little in the choruses.'

'Let me see—my evenings are pretty well taken up,' said Emily. 'Saturday, choir practice; Monday, Literary Club; Tuesday, music at Mrs. Carter's; Wednesday, prayer meeting; and Thursday and Friday, either the girls are in or there's something going on.'

'A good list,' the caller nodded, approvingly. 'Well, set your own evening, my dear. I'm sure your mother will spare you to us. How I should rejoice in having such a daughter — always busy with some good good work or other.'

The rather pathetic expression usual on the mother's patient face had deepened a little as the talk went on. She always enjoyed the few evenings in which Emily's various duties and pleasures did not call her out, and here were schemes that bid fair to put an end to such of them as remained.

She was glad and thankful to see Emily so employed and so appreciated. She was proud of her talents and rejoiced at their being put to such excellent uses, and yet — with what weary loneliness stretched out the evenings in which Emily's sweetness, brightness and talent were expended for the benefit of other persons and places than home and mother.

But what could she do? Emily enjoyed it, her friends enjoyed it.

'Emily,' said Gertrude, 'come in and let us try that new song.'

The girls were on their way home from prayer-meeting.

'I suppose I might for a short time,' said Emily, hesitating a little, as they passed the turn which led to her home.

'I do not see any light in the front of your house, Emily.'

The remark was made by an aunt of Gertrude's, who had lately come to visit at her home.'

'No, Miss Barclay. Mother's eyes are troubling her this autumn, and she does not like a light.'

'Can't she get out, evenings?'

'No, ma'am, she's not very strong.'

'Is she alone.'

Emily felt the hot color mounting to her face.

'Why, no — that is, Jane is somewhere about the house. Mother is so unselfish, you know—she always insists on my going—' —

'H'm.' There was a world of expression in the short grunt. 'Tell your mother. Emily,' Miss Barclay quickly added, 'that I should be very glad to read to her, or anything else I can do in the evenings. She and I used to be great friends when we were younger.'

'I won't go in with you this evening, girls,' said Emily, turning back.

Emily hurried towards the gate, a surge of remorseful thought rushing upon her. Bad eyes, ill and alone—her mother! She had always believed herself a dutiful daughter, yet how it sounded as brought out by the sharp questioning of Miss Barclay.

She turned at sound of a step behind her and found that Miss Barclay had followed her. All the sharpness, however, had gone out of her voice, and she laid a caressing hand on the young girl's arm.

'My dear, I'm afraid I sounded meddling and impudent just now.'

'Oh no,' murmured Emily.

'It was because I felt strongly about it,' her voice broke, but she went on. 'I had a mother when I was your age, Emily, and she was ill. I had plenty of young friends, and mother always told me to go—she was like yours, unselfish. I left her much alone, and I never realized until long afterwards how sad and forlorn it was for her — how hard and undutiful it was in me. I learned my mistake too late.'

With a kiss she hurried away, leaving Emily with her full heart to hasten to her mother.

'Oh, mother, mother! I am the most selfish, undutiful daughter that ever lived. Can you forgive me?'

'Why — my dearie!' Mother stared in alarm at Emily's excited tone.

'Here have I been leaving you alone night after night. And you have always urged me to go—and — now, mother, you know you have missed me.'

Emily had brought a light, and mother was raising her hand to shield her eyes, but there was other cause for shielding them, and Emily was pricked to the heart.

'You have been sad and lonely. Mother, I'm going to give up everything and stay at home with you. Will that make you happy?'

'Not at all, sweet one.' Mother smiled up at the dear, bright face. 'Why, think of all you do, and of all the people who want you—'

'Do any of them want me more than you do?'

'Well, I think not, dear—'

'And for all I do, can I do anything better than be a comfort to you? We'll divide it a little now. Half my evenings with you, then. Hey, mother, darling?'

'Oh, my daughter! it will be new life to me.'—'American Messenger.'

Out From the Shop.

(Annette L. Noble, in 'Forward.')

It was an intensely hot afternoon in August, and very little shopping was going on in Haworth's great bazaar. The fashionable ladies who crowded the place in the cooler months of the year were now at the seaside or in the mountains, and the few customers present were people who had come in from the country or near towns.

At the kid glove counter were two young girls about nineteen years of age—girls decidedly attractive in their appearance. One, a slight, dark-eyed little creature, had the somewhat stylish air of an elegantly dressed young lady; but the showy lace at her neck was cotton, and very coarse, the jet fringe on the threadbare dress was tattered, and, in spite of her prettier face, the observer would perhaps turn with more interest to the frank, countenance of the girl at her side. Customers always found the latter much interested to suit them and very honest in her statements about the goods; but, as we have said, this afternoon there were but few customers.

Kate Haines was leaning languidly against the counter, fanning herself, with a newspaper, when observed by the floor-walkers, reading a sensational story when she could do so undetected. Mollie Willis, her next neighbor, was in deep thought, her clear eyes fixed on the open door. No breeze came in, only now and then a puff of heated air.

Kate tossed her paper under the counter at last, and gave a sigh of discontent,

'What is the matter to-day?' asked Mollie.

'The same as yesterday. I hate this. Every bone in my body aches standing doing nothing such a day as this.'

'Yes, I believe I prefer the holidays, when there is such a rush that I forget who I am by day, and am too tired to remember at night,' answered Mollie, listlessly.

'We are young and good-looking; I don't

see why we should have to work forever only to get enough to keep us from starving. I like pretty clothes; I'd look better in them than dozens of homely creatures who roll here in their carriages and buy silks and velvets without end. I fairly hate them when they tumble over so carelessly the bills in their fat portmonnaies, with their fingers all diamonds and pearls. I want money and diamonds.'

'You will not be likely to get many out of five dollars a week after your board is paid. I'd aim lower.'

'I might as well aim at the moon if I never get anything. You don't care for fine clothes; you can be contented, I suppose,' said Kate, with a half-inquiring glance at Mollie's neat gingham dress.

'I care for neat, whole dresses, and these are hard to get; but I hate this life as much as you do. It is not wholesome. See how old and worn the women look who have been here a few years.'

'I won't stand here at starvation rates until I wither up and get old. I will try something else,' said Kate, passionately.

Mollie was about to answer, when, with a comical gasp of fatigue, a large, pleasant woman seated herself on the tall counter-stool, as if to make some purchase, but, instead, opened a brisk conversation with a friend who stood by her.

'Yes,' she remarked, 'I have lost this whole day. I came in to get a girl who would come and work for me. They won't any of them go to the country; they all want to be near a church, or have some excuse. It isn't a bad place in our family; I treat a girl as if she were a human being. She has good air, good food, good wages, and time to sew for herself. She has just as good a time working on a farm as almost any farmer's wife has, and she has wages over and above; but I can't persuade a girl to leave this overcrowded city.'

'Kate, do you hear that?' whispered Mollie.

Kate was going to laugh, but she detected a real earnestness in Mollie's voice, and flushed angrily, answering:

'I am not going to hire out as a servant-girl just yet, I thank you!'

'Madam,' said Mollie, leaning over the kid-glove counter, 'excuse me, but are you looking for a girl to work on a farm?'

'That is just what I am doing.'

'Well, I am well, and strong, and willing, and honest; will you take me? You can satisfy yourself on these points. I am tired of trying to live and dress as I must to be kept here. It is poor pay and bad air.'

'But can you work?'

'I can sweep, and scrub and wash dishes. I can't cook, but I would like to learn to do it. I will leave here if you will take me.'

'Why, Mollie Willis! have you gone mad?' whispered Kate, as the woman stared at the floor in a moment of reflection.

'No; I have come to my senses. I wonder I never thought of it before.'

'A servant-girl! and she says she pays only fourteen dollars a month!'

'But there is plenty of good food, washing and a home all outside of that money. I shall go if I can get the place,' returned Mollie, stoutly.

The woman turned around and resumed the conversation. The result was, that with considerable satisfaction, she agreed to the young girl's proposal.

So it happened that early Monday morning Mollie took the train for L——. With her last month's wages she had bought a few strong, new clothes, had discarded all the tattered finery which shop-girls are too often forced to wear, and she was still hopeful. For the dirt, heat, smells, and weariness of the city, she soon welcomed the fresh beauty of the country.

There was good sense and principle in Mollie, good-nature and principle in her mistress; and the experiment was a perfect success. Work is work everywhere, and winters are cold and summers are hot in the country as well as in the city; but Mollie did not find hers more wearing than shop life, and it was infinitely more interesting to her. The big, clean kitchen was full of sunshine as well as work; every window had its outlook to the hills or the meadows. The children treated her as an equal; she was to them a pretty, pleasant girl who worked with their mother. On Sundays she rode with the family to church. She came to be friendly with all the neighbors, and many a time she wished that her old friend Kate could be as happy and contented as she herself was. She wrote to her, but received no answer; wrote to another acquaintance, and learned that Kate had been censured for reading novels in business hours, when trade was dull, and she had thrown up her situation in disgust and gone no one knew where.

When Mollie had lived in Farmer James's family five years she was one of them in almost every sense of the word. She ate at the same table belonged to the same church; she gave affection as well as service, and received as much as she gave. Motherly Mrs. James had told the neighbors that 'go back to the city Mollie never should if she could help it'; and Mollie did not want to go.

But alas for poor Mrs. James! A worthy young farmer not many miles off found out what a treasure she was possessed of in Mollie, and deliberately plotted to get it away from her. When he got bolder, and declared that he must marry Mollie there was a great ado, but it ended in triumph for him. Mollie then went on a farm for life; but, as it was a nice little one, she never regretted her sudden choice that afternoon in Haworth's bazaar.

She had been married two or three years when, one day, her husband had to go to the city, and Mollie urged him to make another effort to find pretty Kate Haines. She had recalled the name of a relative of Kate who might know something of her old friend.

When her husband met her that night at the gate, he did not at first answer Mollie's question; but he played a moment with his baby boy, then said:

'It will grieve you to know that that poor friend of yours went to ruin, and that she died only a few weeks ago in a public hospital.'

'Poor Kate!' sighed Mollie, tearfully. She hated work, and would do nothing she did not think "genteel," but, above all, she loved gay dress and fashion. I am so sorry!'

Correspondence.

We have received very neat letters from 'Marjorie,' who lives in Belleville; 'Grace,' who lives in Oshawa; and 'Lottie,' who lives in Glenmorris. Thomas sends us an interesting account of a pet rabbit. 'Mary Ella,' must try again, remembering how much neatness counts for. We are much pleased with all the letters.

This is but the beginning. We expect to receive letters from many more of our little friends this month. Write neatly, on one side of the paper only, and leave a margin at the left.

Perth, Jan. 3, 1898.

(To the Editor of 'Northern Messenger.')

Dear Editor,—I am thirteen years of age. I think this a good opportunity to describe to you a pet animal which I once had.

When my brother and I were walking through the woods one day we saw a pair of small rabbits, one of which had been hurt and was easily caught by us.

We took it home and tended to it. Then we kept it about four months, during which time we were very much amused to see it playing, and to play with it.

At last, one day, when my brother was away on a visit, he brought home with him a small spaniel dog. He usually kept the dog tied up, but one day in the autumn it broke loose, at the time I was feeding the rabbit. The dog came running towards me and the rabbit seeing him ran quickly away. I tried hard to prevent him from hurting it, but before I could get near the rabbit, the dog had nearly killed it. The pet tumbled about on the ground for some time as if in great pain. I picked it up and ran to the house. It lived for a few days afterwards, but on going to feed it one morning, I found to my great sorrow that my rabbit was dead. I am yours respectfully,

THOMAS.

Belleville, Ont., Jan. 3, 1898.

(To the Editor of 'Northern Messenger.')

Dear Editor,—I am nine years old. I live in Belleville, our city is beautifully situated on the Bay of Quinte, and is generally called the Bay City. In summer we camp at Massassaga Park, a beautiful summer resort about four miles down the bay. We had a cottage there last summer, but we are now living in the city.

When we are at the park we have a great many amusements. Nearly all the Sunday-school picnics go to Massassaga, and we always went to meet the steamers when they came in. We used to bathe in the morning and I learned to swim last summer. Mamma said I was too little to learn before. We went rowing and fishing, and we spent a jolly vacation; but we had to come home in time for school on Sept. 1.

The citizens of our city are going to have another park on a small island in the harbor, but I guess it will not be so nice as our old park, because there are no shade trees on it. I hope if you ever come to Belleville, you will not fail to visit Massassaga Park. Yours sincerely,

MARJORIE.

Oshawa, Jan. 3, 1898.

(To the Editor of 'Northern Messenger.')

Dear Editor,—We get the 'Northern Messenger every Sunday, and are delighted with it. We go to Sunday-school every Sunday, and my teacher's name is Miss Morris.

We had a Sunday-school concert, and Willie sang a song—you just ought to hear him sing. They clapped and clapped, but he would not go back; he is only five years old. Mamie sang a song, too, and after the concert they gave us a bag of candies and an orange.

I go to day school every day, and my teacher's name is Miss Keddie. I have two sisters and one brother, and they go to school too.

Now, I am going to tell you about our pet cats. They are two of the largest cats in town. One we call Bob and the other Kitty, I can hardly tell you how old Bob is, but Kitty is larger than Bob, and Bob is a very large cat; I don't know what they live or grow on, for they only get a little milk a day. This seems to me a long letter, but I hope I have not taken up too much of your valuable space. I will write another shortly.

GRACE.

Age twelve years.

Glenmorris, Dec. 31, 1897.

(To the Editor of 'Northern Messenger.')

Dear Editor,—I am fourteen years old; and in the fifth class; I go to a country school.

I read a short story some time ago which might be interesting to your readers: It was entitled, 'Enjoying his holidays': A gentleman went to board at a hotel near the seaside, to spend his holidays. He was a respectful man, but aroused much curiosity by, insisting upon being awakened at six o'clock every morning. On being questioned about it he replied, 'Every morning, at home, I have to get up at six, for my work, and now I like to awaken at six, and know I don't have to get up until nine.' Yours truly.

LOTTIE.

The Boy Who Would See the World.

('Sunday Reading for the Young.')

(Continued.)

'Don't give way, lad; Brindle won't hurt thee, except I was to set him on. Dogs, you know, obey their masters, same as good boys ought to love and obey their parents. Now, a lion would have snapped you up before this, and laughed at you afterwards. Ho! ho! ho! Get back whoam, and hunt cats, and keep crows from barley fields.'

'I should have used this dagger and killed the dog had he attacked me,' said the still undaunted Willie.'

'Just try and use your dagger on Brindle, will you ? Come, now, draw it from your girdle, if you've the pluck, and hold it up to the dog, and see which of you will get the worst of it,' challenged the farmer, who was only anxious to warn the boy of his folly.

'I didn't come all this way to kill dogs,' said the boy evading the farmer's challenge, and turned upon his heel, while the man called after him, 'Make haste whoam, or I'll send Brindle after thee.'

And then the dog began to bark, and Willie the Brave quickened his steps; and the farmer, to frighten him still further, ran after him a little way down the bushy lane,with the barking dog at his heels, waiting for further orders, and when the lion-hunting boy saw the pursuit after him he was much more alarmed than he would have cared to allow, and increased his speed. Turning off the road out of the way of the farmer and his dog—especially of the latter—he found himself in the recesses of a dense, dark plantation, or shrubbery, and he did not like it.

He began to feel tired, and could not resist pausing for awhile on the straggling root of an old tree; and the air and much walking induced sleep, and here he gave way to it, and when he awoke—oh, horror! he found coiled up in his lap a long, green, slimy snake, but one of the harmless class.

It was almost dark now, and no light but from a few bright twinkling stars in the sky. When his hand touched the snake, and he saw its little black eyes shining in the darkness, he trembled all over. He jumped up, the snake fell from his lap, and the frightened little traveller hurried from the dread spot and never looked back. He did not wait to use the rusty dagger, which he carried in his belt, after the manner of a bold buccaneer, but thought that, in this instance, 'discretion was the better part of valor'; and he made the quickest exit he could from the tangled plantation, and the presence of the unpleasant but harmless reptile.

'WHEN HE LOOKED UP HE BECAME TRANSFIXED TO THE GROUND.'

Little Willie Lunnis was not at all himself until he emerged into the open coach-road, and when he had reached it, he began to think that he was not so brave a boy after all. Instead of bears and lions, his sister Mary, and father and mother occupied his thoughts, and secretly he wished himself home again at the cottage porch, for he thought reading about adventures with wild animals was very much more agreeable than meeting with them in their forest homes.

He hardly knew where he was, and in what direction his home at Bath lay, and he was sorely perplexed about returning there again, for he knew he should be much laughed at, and possibly receive from his father a sound flogging that he would have to remember.

On, on, he went, until he came at length to the bottom of a steep hill, where stood the picturesque ruin of an old abbey, and when he looked up he became transfixed to the ground; he saw something with large, black, outstretched wings, immense ears, and a head like a little mouse, as if in pursuit of something also on the wing.

The boy was not aware that the object he gazed on was nothing more than a long-eared bat, which

flies by night, and like the owl appears fond of ruins and solitary places.

After he had sufficiently recovered himself from the fear and trembling the poor bat had caused him, and after it was well out of sight, he took to his heels in a different direction to that in which it flew. Fortunately for him that way led homewards, which he learnt from a country pedler, whom he happened to meet coming across a little bridge.

(To be Continued.)

Sir William Napier and Little Joan.

(Poem by Celia Thaxter, a well known American writer.)

Sir William Napier, one bright day,
  Was walking down the glen—
A noble English soldier,
  And the handsomest of men.

Through fields and fragrant hedgerows,
  He slowly wandered down
To quiet Freshford village,
  By pleasant Bradford town.

With look and mien magnificent,
  And step so grand, moved he,
And from his stately front outshone
  Beauty and majesty.

About his strong white forehead
  The rich locks thronged and curled,
Above the splendor of his eyes,
  That might command the world.

A sound of bitter weeping
  Came up to his quick ear,
He paused that instant, bending
  His kingly head to hear.

Among the grass and daisies
  Sat wretched little Joan,
And near her lay a bowl of delft,
  Broken upon a stone.

Her cheeks were red with crying,
  And her blue eyes dull and dim,
And she turned her pretty, woeful face,
  All tear-stained up to him.

Scarce six years old, and sobbing
  In misery so drear!
'Why, what's the matter, Posy?'
  He said,—'Come, tell me, dear,'

'It's father's bowl I've broken;
  'Twas for his dinner kept.
I took it safe, but coming back
  It fell'—again she wept.

'But you can mend it, can't you?'
  Cried the despairing child
With sudden hope, as down on her,
  Like some kind god, he smiled.

'Don't cry, poor little Posy!
  I cannot make it whole,
But I can give you sixpence
  To buy another bowl.'

He sought in vain for silver
  In purse and pocket, too,
And found but golden guineas.
  He pondered what to do.

'This time to-morrw, Posy,'
  He said, 'again come here,
And I will bring you sixpence,
  I promise! Never fear.'

Away went Joan rejoicing—
  A rescued child was she;
And home went good Sir William;
  And to him presently.

A footman brings a letter,
  And low before him bends:
'Will not Sir William come and dine
  To-morrow with his friends?'

The letter read: 'And we've secured
  The man among all men
You wish to meet. He will be here.
  You will not fail us then?'

To-morrow! Could he get to Bath
  And dine with dukes and earls,
And back in time? That hour was pledged—
  It was the little girl's!

He could not disappoint her.
  He must his friends refuse.
So 'a previous engagement'
  He pleaded as excuse.

Next day, when she, all eager,
  Came o'er the fields so fair,
As sure as of the sunrise
  That she should find him there,

He met her, and the sixpence
  Laid in her little hand.
Her woe was ended, and her heart
  The lightest in the land.

How would the stately company,
  Who had so much desired
His presence at their splendid feast,
  Have wondered and admired!

As soldier, scholar, gentleman,
  His praises oft are heard,—
'Twas not the least of his great deeds
  So to have kept his word!

Elephants.

In India elephants are too common for a show, but often are made useful. Sailors, when they reach Maulmain in ships, like to watch the trained animals at work in shipyards, moving timbers. Besides drawing great logs by a chain they will lift them with their trunks and carry them on their tusks; and pile up the timbers evenly, pushing them into place with the right foot.

When an elephant has dragged a log to the right spot he will unhook and free the chain with the finger of his trunk. His driver, called a mahout, sits sideways on a wooden saddle on the elephant's back, and makes signs by touching his side with his foot. The intelligent beast understands what is wanted of him. Sometimes, in carrying, one is obliged to hold his head so high that he cannot see where he is going; but he moves on blindly and patiently.

One day, some people were landing, when the tide was out, and the wharf very muddy. There was a lady, and the captain would not let her soil her boots. He called out to a mahout, and in a moment his elephant pushed down the slope a log fixing it just right for a walk across the dirty space. These huge beasts are proud of their strength. They do not like to do work which makes them look awkward; but they are obedient, and make the best of it.'—'Sunbeam.'

Walter's Clock.

Little Walter is lame; often at night he lies awake in pain when nurse and his brothers are fast asleep. A tiny light is kept burning, but it is so dim that it does not show the clock's face, and Walter used to wonder what o'clock it was. Now he has found out such a good plan for telling the time. If you have seen a sun-dial, you know that it is the shadow on it that tells us the time, and it is a shadow, too, that is Walter's clock.

The little lamp burns in a small stand, and, is always set in the same place; so, as the night light burns down, it throws its shadow first in one spot in the room and then in another.

If the shadow is on the floor, Walter, knows that it is about midnight; if it falls across nurse's bed, it is nearly two; if it is on Baby's cot, it is three or four; if it is getting up toward the ceiling it is nearly six, and the night is almost gone, and nurse will soon get up.

Walter tries to be patient if the pain comes, and not wake nurse up unless it is very bad; but often he is glad to see the shadow near the top of the wall and know that morning is coming, for he gets very tired of lying awake alone.

When we awake fresh and bright in the morning, do we think of those who are ill and in pain, and cannot sleep as the hours seem to pass so slowly? We have not wanted Walter's clock, and very likely we have not heard the real clock strike since we went to bed; but do we thank God for our rest and sound sleep?—'Children's Treasury.'

Miss Agnes Weston.

(From the 'Daily Chronicle,' London.)

Miss Agnes Weston is a specialist among philanthropists. She is a temperance reformer, it is true; but hers is applied temperance; and applied in a highly specialized form to the seamen of Her Majesty's navy. For thirty years she has preached with voice and pen Christianity and temperance to the British blue-jacket. But she has done more than preach and teach. She has by her efforts provided them with homes on shore which make the way of total abstinence easy—bright, cheery, almost luxurious buildings, to which Jack steers, as to a port—and she has stood their friend whenever and wherever they needed one, and were willing to accept her help. She has indeed earned the title by which the sailors have learned to know her, that of "The Bluejackets' Mother."

The personality of the worker explains the success of her work. A generous, expansive, motherly face, with a smile never far from eye or lip, a generous allowance of the sense which is called common, a God-given sense of humor, without which work among blue-jackets at any rate could never succeed, tact amounting to genius for saying the right thing to the right person, an enthusiasm for total abstinence, and a firm belief in the God of the bible—these are the qualities which have made Miss Weston's name a household word in the navy, and have made it honored wherever it is known.

Her interest in all who go down to the sea in ships, whether belonging to the navy, the marines or the coastguard, is the more curious, as she was born in London, the daughter of a barrister, and lived the greater part of her early life in Bath. It was while there, indeed, that she began her life's work by a letter written to a soldier on a troopship going to India, whom she had befriended in the Bath Hospital. The soldier, by chance, as it seemed, showed that letter to a seaman, who expressed a wish for a letter, too. One letter grew to many hundreds, and outran the limits of a pen, and to-day, these leters, called by the men 'blue-backs,' form an important feature of Miss Weston's work and circulate to the number of over half a million a year.

Another apparent chance led her to visit friends at Devonport, where the sight of so many boys from the training ships, and seamen from vessels lying in harbor, wandering about with no apparent place to rest and recreate free from temptations to drink, led her to consider what could be done to provide them, in the words of a sailor himself, with a public-house without the drink. Eventually, on the most ideally favorable site, close to the dockyard gates, a 'Sailors' Rest' was an accomplished fact. And each year since it has become a more and more substantial fact, until now it is a large and imposing building, with another like unto it at Portsmouth. The motto of the Rests, as well as of their founder's life, is, 'for the glory of God and the good of the service.'

The Rests, in addition to the highly successful restaurant, contain hundreds of cabin bedrooms for Jack's use on shore, many, indeed most of them, given by different donors, the memorial brasses bearing the names of the givers. One cabin, whose brass bears the inscription, 'Given by Queen Victoria, 1895,' is a room all seamen are proud to occupy. Another useful feature of the Rests is the lockers, rented at so much a month, for the storing of a sailor's treasures, and last, but not least, the baths, each in their cubicles and all continually in request. Perhaps the success of the building and the catering, as well as of Miss Weston's speeches, which she prefers to call 'talks,' lies in her intuitive appreciation of what her audience and those for whom she is catering in a material way will like. Everything is bright, cheery and pretty. But its daintiness and orderliness are the only feminine suggestions about the Homes, except the motherly touch when Jack is ill or in trouble. There is no charity and nothing to suggest it. When Jack enters the rest and orders his plate of 'sausages and mash' (mashed potatoes), or a 'fid of plum duff' (fid is nautical for piece), he is not oppressed by the feeling that he is there because he and his fellows are being reformed. He goes because he likes it, and because he gets what he wants, and gets good value for his money. In fact, the place is run on sound commercial lines, and neither temperance nor gospel is served out with the coffee.

And how popular that is may be judged from a week's housekeeping account at Devonport. In one week was consumed and paid for, one whole pig—to say nothing of beef and mutton—1,200 eggs, 150 dozen rolls, 1,100 sausages (all made on the premises), nine hams, thirty gallons of tea and coffee, while £100 was taken over the counter in small sums. The fact that the Sailors' Rests are made to yield each year a clear profit of £2,000, which is devoted to carrying forward the flag of temperance and godliness still further afield, is due to the business enterprise of Miss Wintz, Miss Weston's friend and coworker, whose life is also given up to this work. To her also is due the success of 'Ashore and Afloat,' the monthly magazine, which circulates to the number of 400,000 a year on all Her Majesty's ships, in lonely coastguard stations, among deep-sea fishing fleets, and, by request of the American naval authorities, on board the ships flying the Stars and Stripes.

There is no temperance work carried on on broader lines than Miss Weston's. She aims at being the sailor's best friend, even when he is most drunk, and any man who has sufficient sense to so much as fling himself against the swinging doors of the Rest, finds that Miss Weston's staff within are ready to help even him. No one who has not seen it can imagine the scene at either of the Rests on a Sunday, say, when the Channel Squadron is in the harbor. All the afternoon and evening the halls, the reading-room, and the bar are crowded with men, but when night comes they literally pour in, and then the difficulties begin. The manager has filled all the cubicles and the dormitories, and still there are more who imperiously insist that they must be taken in at 'Mother Weston's. The sight is one to be remembered when the hall is filled with guests at a naval sociable, or for the Saturday night concerts, or with the hundreds of sailors' wives who belong to mothers' meetings — for the organizations for the home rulers are many—or with the boys from the training ships. These things tell more emphatically than figures of the fine work of Miss Weston.

The Temperance Question.

(The Rev. E. L. Hicks, M.A., Canon of Manchester.)

Many causes are assigned for intemperance, and they are all in their measure true. But my experience leads me to regard the drink mainly as a matter of temptation. 'When I don't see it, I don't want it,' is what men constantly say to me. But, given the temptation—then the exciting causes of intemperance are as many and varied as the moods and conditions of humanity. We might even adapt the lines of Coleridge, and say:—

'All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are the ministers of drink,
And feed his hellish flame.'

But first, what is intemperance? Whatever degree of success, however small, impairs the physical health, relaxes the self-control, and makes a man the worse in body or mind—that is what you and I mean by intemperance.

But intemperance, as understood in the law courts, is quite a different matter. I find no legal definition of it. I believe the police hold no one to be technically drunk as long as he can stand up. At home the drunkard (husband or wife) may make the house a hell, but the law pays no regard. And in practice every publican in the kingdom can serve any one over sixteen with any amount of liquor, provided the victim be able somehow to stagger home.

Let us remember that the drink crave is one of the most incurable and calamitous of diseases. It is a physical and moral ailment in one—an ailment to which our people are specially prone, through heredity, climate, and the conditions of modern life.

Now we license 168,000 liquor shops virtually to propagate this disease; for the colossal gains of the traffickers depend on the success with which they can spread the love of drink. It is the inebriates who (though they may never be legally drunk) are their regular customers. With an inhuman indifference to consequences, and with a sole view of profit, the temptation is placed precisely where our brothers and sisters are most easily tempted — where they most require protection—near great works; near holiday resorts; in crowded alleys of the slums. I am aware that I shall be told that business is business. But there are different kinds of business, and we meet here, not as crimps, but as Christians. The words of a great brewer are as true to-day as when he wrote them: 'The struggle of the school, the library and the Church united, against the beer-house and the gin-palace, is but one development of the war between heaven and hell.'

The remedies suggested have been substantially two:—

1. To keep the people from the drink:
2. To keep the drink from the people.

Most of us are agreed about the first; there is more doubt as to the second; but the two must always go together. Prohibition without moral education would be a failure; moral suasion without legislation is futile.—'Hand and Heart.'

Mr. G. A. Spink, school board attendance officer, at Halifax, England, giving evidence before the Royal Commission, said his investigations as to non-attendance at school proved that at least seventy-five percent of such cases were attributable to indulgence in drink on the part of mother or father, or both parents. A high proportion of irregularity and drunkenness was found in localities where the facilities for obtaining drink were the greatest. In Halifax, as elsewhere, there was a congestion of public-houses in the poorer districts. The effect of sending children to licensed houses for drink was bad. He had seen a child coming from the grocer's shop drinking out of the bottle. He would recommend the abolition of grocers' licenses.

LESSON V.—Jan. 30.

How to Pray.

Matt. vi., 5-15. Memory verses, 9-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'Pray to thy Father, which is in secret.'—Matt. vi., 6.

Daily Readings.

M. Matt. vi., 1-15.—How to pray.
T. Luke xi., 1-13.—'Ask and it shall be given you.'
W. Luke xviii., 1-14.—'Men ought always to pray.'
Th. Jas. v., 13-20. — The power of fervent prayer.
F. Matt. vi., 16-34.—'Seek ye first the kingdom of God.'
S. Phil. iv., 1-13. — 'Let your requests be made known unto God.'
S. Ps. xxv., 1-22.—Confidence in prayer.

Lesson Story.

In continuation of the Sermon on the Mount, Jesus teaches his disciples how to pray. He warns them against all forms of hypocrisy and ostentatious piety. The pious acts which are performed only for show will receive the reward of being noticed and applauded by man, nothing more. The secret acts of worship and charity, known only to God, will be rewarded by him in rich blessings.

Genuine worship is not done for man's applause, takes, in fact, no thought of man, only of God: The soul stands alone with its maker in the secret inner chamber of the heart, there to worship and pray. Even in public prayer the soul must from the inmost heart pour out its praise and prayer to God. This is the meaning of entering into the closet and shutting the door — shutting the door of the heart against the worldly thoughts and everyday cares of life.

Our Father sees the genuineness of our hearts and he rewards our trusting prayers with the blessings sought. Our Father knows all about us, he has the answer ready for us before we pray, (Isa. lxv., 24.) but he wants us to trustingly ask him for the things we need. Not only the spiritual needs, but the temporal, the everyday wants, "our daily bread." We must come to God as little children to a loving Father. Our Father in heaven is real. His love is real and unchanging. He is kinder than the most tender human father. He loves to have us talk to him, he loves to have us ask him for our daily needs.

Jesus especially teaches the necessity of forgiving. We must forgive like God, who casts away all remembrance of our sin when we have once repented and asked his forgiveness. (Psa. ciii., 8-12.)

Lesson Hints.

In the East it is quite a usual thing to see men praying in the street, on the corners or in any noticeable place. Private devotions are most publicly and showily performed by many. We of this country can scarcely understand such ostentation. We are too apt to go to the other extreme, hiding our "light under a bushel.' Hiding our religious feelings from the sight of all as though we were ashamed of them. Ashamed to own our love for Christ, yet eagerly accepting his mercy and salvation. We are so much afraid of making a show of piety that we often dishonor and actually deny Christ by our silence.

'Enter into thy closet' — do we not here find a special command to private prayer? Yes, and when private prayer and communion is given up the soul life grows cold and empty. The neglect of secret prayer is the beginning of all backsliding. But this does not prohibit public prayer and testimony, in which Jesus set the example. (John xi., 41, 42.)

'Vain repetitions'—repeating forms that mean nothing special to us. Many of our scholars make our Lord's Prayer itself a vain repetition, gabbling over the words which they neither understand nor care about. This prayer which they all repeat at least once a week should be made plain to them, that they may understand what they are asking.

'Much speaking'—it is not so much what we say as what we mean that God cares for.

'Hallowed' — holy, honored. We hallow God's name by honoring it and holding it sacred. (Ex. xx., 1-7.)

'Thy kingdom' — the kingdom of peace, truth and purity; the kingdom of righteousness, mercy and praise. If we pray for God's kingdom to come, we must do all we can to bring it.

'Thy will'—God's will instead of ours. God's way, the only right way, God's wisdom to take the place of our foolishness. If God's will is to be done, each one of us must do it. 'In heaven'—the angels obey God gladly, promptly, lovingly. If we have God's Spirit we will be glad to do whatever he tells us, we will be glad to learn what he wants us to do.

'Daily bread'—all good things come from God. This is why we thank him and ask his blessings on our food at each mealtime. You could not have daily food if God did not give some one the strength to earn it and prepare it for you.

'Forgive us our debts'—our sins are the great debts we owe. We can not pay it. If God did not forgive, it would stand against us for ever, and drag us down into hell.

'Temptation'—(Matt, xxvi., 41.)

'Deliver us from evil'—save us from sin, its power and shame, its fascination and ruin. Deliver us from the snares of the tempter.

'Thine is the kingdom'—we are thy subjects. 'The power'—all power, omnipotence. Power to answer all prayer, power to forgive all sins, power to deliver us from evil. 'Forever' — throughout all ages, eternity. 'Amen'—let it be so.

Primary Lesson.

Perhaps you have sometimes wondered why the prayer we repeat so often is called the 'Lord's Prayer.'

It is because that is the very prayer that Jesus taught his first followers to pray. We must remember this when we are saying it, and remember that we are talking to God just as really as if we saw him standing by us. 'Saying our prayers' is not always the same as really praying. It is very little use to say prayers that we do not understand.

Praying is really talking to God, praising him for his goodness and greatness, and asking him for the things we need. He wants to give us the things we need. He wants us to ask him to take care of us every day and every night. He wants us to ask him to forgive our sins and make us good for Jesus' sake.

God is our loving Father in heaven.

The Lesson Illustrated.

Our Lord's Prayer—A great, restful prayer, every word of which is a promise; for Christ would not teach what God would not give.

At the very beginning we must get into

right relations with God. 'The disciples came' this is a prayer for Christians.

Secondly, it is a costly prayer; for, first of all, it makes us voice a mighty and perfect consecration, and especially if, 'as it is in heaven,' applies to the whole three clauses instead of the last with which we generally read it.

Thirdly, petition. Prayer is larger, and means communion, God talking to us, and we to him. Petition, is asking for something. What great promises are implied in Christ's teaching us to ask these next three things, all we need for ourselves.

And, lastly, as a sweet reminder of the great, infinite, almighty and everlasting Strength, upon which we build all our prayer, a rock that cannot be shaken, how precious a foundation the facts of this, which we sometimes so carelessly pass over, as 'only a benediction.'

Practical Points.

Jan. 30—Matt. vi., 5-15.

A. H. CAMERON.

The hypocrite's reward is in this world. Their punishment in the next. Verse 5. He who would have power in prayer, must be often alone with God. Verse 6. Long prayers are never commended in scripture. The short, earnest petition flies swiftly to the throne of grace. Verses 7 and 8. We may not approach our heavenly Father without reverencing his name, desiring the progress of his kingdom, and patiently submitting to his will. Verses 9 and 10. The Lord will give us temporal blessings as well as spiritual, and true faith asks daily. Verse 11. Nothing can equal the peace that flows from a knowledge of sins forgiven. How can we enjoy this blessing if we deny it to others. Verses 12 and 15.

Lesson Hymn.

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known.

In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief;
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer!

W. B. B.

Suggested Hymns.

'Take time to be holy,' 'Blessed hour of prayer,' 'The Mercy-seat,' 'Showers of blessing,' 'Are your windows open towards Jerusalem?' 'Faith is the victory.'

Christian Endeavor Topic.

Jan. 30.—'For Christ and the Church.' — what shall we do? — (Ex. xxxv., 20-29; Luke xiv., 33.)

Honor Roll.

Next week's issue will contain the last Honor Roll of those who have answered these questions, and the announcement of the prize-winners.

Order in School.

The good order of a Sunday-school is the chief mark of good management. The standard of Sunday-school order ought to be even better than that of the best secular schools.

The superintendent should train the scholars to come quietly to their own places on arrival, and remain throughout the entire session. To begin and to continue through the opening exercises with the utmost reverence.

He should train them moreover, to take hearty part in all general exercises, such as singing, prayer, reading the lesson, reviews, etc. To secure this general responsiveness by scholars is the joint work of superintendent and teachers; but, however hard to do, it is the sure test of good management. He should especially see that the teachers during the class study are freed from all disturbance and interruption by officers, visitors, or even by himself.

He should dismiss the school quietly and reverently, mindful that all permitted disorder in the school will inevitably grow into greater disorder in the church.—'Sunday-school Magazine.'

One of the strongest testimonies we have ever heard to the evangelistic value of a Sabbath-school was given by a Glasgow minister, a few days ago, to a meeting of teachers. He said he had experience of good home missionaries and other valuable agencies in connection with his congregation, but affirmed that he had known of more families becoming church-going through the efforts of teachers following up the children in their classes than from any other cause. They were not always able themselves to deal with the parents, but when they could not they reported the facts to himself or his office-bearers, and the cases were looked after.—'Presbyterian Review.'

HOUSEHOLD.

Some Savory Sandwiches.

If one's sandwiches are to be perfect, says a contributor to 'Good Housekeeping,' the first thing to be procured are a loaf of excellent home-made bread, and a roll of sweet-flavored, lightly salted butter. These at hand, there is a great variety of fillings, from which one may choose the most tempting, or those most convenient to the season or occasion. All sandwiches should be made as shortly as possible before serving, but if it is necessary that they should stand, let them be well wrapped in a dampened cloth. Of course when they are finished they must be tied with ribbons or arranged in any way which fancy dictates. The following are selected from the source mentioned.

Cheese and Celery.—Whip a gill of sweet, thick cream, and add enough sharp, freshly grated cheese to make a thick paste. Spread bread with this, and sprinkle thickly with very finely minced white stalks of celery.

Chicken and Tomato.—Take firm, ripe tomatoes, peel, and slice very thin with a sharp knife. Have ready a teacupful of finely minced breast of chicken, mixed with two large tablespoonfuls of mayonnaise dressing. Spread the bread with butter, cover with a layer of chicken, add a slice of tomato, nicely seasoned; lay on the corresponding slice of buttered bread, and cut into narrow strips.

Sardine.—Mince two hard-boiled eggs and a handful of cress, and mix with two spoonfuls of mayonnaise. Butter thin slices of brown bread, spread with this mixture, add a layer of tiny sardines, boned and halved, join the slices and cut in squares.

Shad Roe.—Wash the roe and put in a saucepan of salted boiling water, sufficient to cover, boil very gently twenty minutes. Allow it to cool, then remove the outer skin and mash fine with a fork. Season well with salt, cayenne and a dash of lemon juice. Place a layer of it between two slices of buttered bread, and cut in any shape desired.

Game.—These are delicious, made with either white or brown bread. The game should be roasted or broiled, to have the finest flavor, then shaved in the thinnest possible slices, placed over the prepared bread, seasoned and dotted with bits of currant jelly.

Sweet Bread.—Blanch, parboil, and saute the sweet breads. Chop rather coarsely, and season well. Prepare the bread, put in a layer of the mince, cut in rounds, on each one put a very thin slice of lemon, without the rind, and close. If lemon is not liked, one may substitute a thin circular slice of grape or other tart jelly. This makes a very delicate sandwich,

Cream Candies.

The first requisite for good sweets or bonbons, says the London 'Lady,' is foundation cream; and this is how to make it: To a pint of granulated sugar allow half a pint of water; place them on the back of the range in a bright tin basin, until the sugar has nearly dissolved, shaking occasionally to assist the process; bring forward, and boil, skimming off whatever impurities rise to the surface without disturbing the syrup. When it has boiled ten minutes test the syrup by allowing it to run slowly from the end of a spoon. It will soon drip in elongated drops, and, finally, a long thin thread will float from the end of the spoon. As soon as this appears, remove from the fire and set in a pan of water, and allow it to partially cool. While at sixty degrees begin to work it with a stout spoon; should the syrup have been boiled too long a crust will have formed on the top, which may be removed before stirring. When cooled exactly right the surface is covered with a thin skin. When the syrup thickens and whitens add a pinch of cream of tartar; beat again until thick enough to handle, then work with the hands; add any flavoring desired. If cooled too long the cream will 'grain' and become dry and hard, while with too little cooling it cannot be moulded.

Cocoanut Balls.—Flavor a portion of the foundation cream with vanilla, and work in a little dessicated cocoanut; form into small balls and set in a cool place for a little time; moisten each slightly with beaten white of egg — a brush is excellent for this purpose—then roll in grated cocoanut and set in a dry place until firm.

Fig Strips. — Chop a few figs and cook with a little water and sugar until they become a thick paste. Make a small sheet of the cream, spread with the fig paste, which should be cold; cover with another sheet of the cream; press together well, and cut into short strips or squares.

Creamed Almonds. — Flavor the cream with almond extract and form into small cubes. Press an almond into the centre of each, and roll in coarse sugar, or in chopped almonds as preferred. It is customary to use the almonds without bleaching, as the flavor is finer.

Chocolate Cocoanut.—Chocolate cocoanuts are made with a little dessicated cocoanut worked into the cream, which is moulded into oblong shapes, then rolled in chocolate. Other chocolates contain walnut kernels, always almonds or filberts.—'Observer.'

Selected Recipes.

Swedish Toast.—This forms an excellent substitute for fried cakes in summer. Warm one pint of milk, add one cupful of sugar, one tablespoonful of lard, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one yeast cake, or one-half of a cake of compressed yeast, dissolved in a little warm water, two well beaten eggs, and flour enough to make a rather thin batter. If set at night add one-third spoonful of soda. When risen knead into a loaf, adding flour as for bread. Raise again, Knead and roll into sheets. Sugar the tops if desired. Let them rise and bake. When cold, cut into strips about three-fourths of an inch thick, and toast in a very slow oven. If toasted to a light brown and thoroughly dried, it will keep a long time, but soaks very quickly when dipped into coffee. Use half the sugar if too sweet. The recipe can be doubled, and only two or three eggs used.

Lemon Meringue.—For the filling of lemon pies, separate the yolks and whites of four eggs; beat the yolks well; get the yellow rind of a large lemon, or two small ones; and take out the pulp and juice, rejecting all the white, pithy portion, as well as the seeds. Mix with four heaping tablespoonfuls of sugar, and add to the yolks of the eggs. Stir all together with a tablespoonful of butter and two large tablespoonfuls of milk. Pour into the pie-plate lined with a rich paste, and bake until the mixture becomes set. While it is in the oven beat the whites very stiff, and stir in six tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and a slight flavoring of lemon or orange-flower water. Heap this over the pie, and set in the oven till it begins to color.

Tapioca Cream.—Soak over night three tablespoonfuls of tapioca in three-fourths cupful of milk; let a quart of milk come to a boil in a double kettle and add the tapioca; let it cook until clear, then add the yolks of three eggs, and half a cupful of sugar; let it boil five or ten minutes, remove from the stove, and cool before flavoring with one teaspoonful of vanilla; pour in a glass dish, and beat the whites stiff, adding two tablespoonfuls of fine white sugar; pour this over the top, and let it stand in the ice-box for two or three hours.

Stuffed Onions. — Boil six large Spanish onions gently for fifteen minutes; remove them from the water, and with a sharp knife cut a small piece from the centre of each. Mix together two tablespoonfuls of finely chopped ham, three of breadcrumbs, one of butter, three of milk or cream, one egg, half a teaspoonful of salt and a grain of cayenne pepper. Fill the opening made in the centre of the onions with this mixture. Sprinkle with dry crumbs and put a half-teaspoonful of butter on top of each onion, place on earthen or granite plates and bake slowly for one hour.

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